1703 North Fair Oaks Ave.
Pasadena, California.
February 26, 1922.

Carl Fischer,
Cooper Square,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

On my first trip to the Pacific Coast some years ago I had the good fortune to meet and become well acquainted with Mr. Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles, one of our foremost American authors and ethnologists, as you know, for many years publisher and editor of "Out West" Magazine, and who has done more than any other one man for the preservation of the traditions, knowledge and poetic lore of the Spanish Southwest of North America - to say nothing of his work south of the Isthmus.

I became associated with Mr. Lummis in his work of collecting and recording over seven hundred and fifty Spanish and Mexican folksongs of the Southwest, with complete words and music, which perhaps stands as the greatest single achievement in the preservation of the poetic and picturesque contribution of the Spanish epoch in the founding and development of this country.

My subsequent life in the East, and Mr. Lummis's detachment from the musical world, led to the letting of all this remain meanwhile as a mere matter of record. Now that I am living here on the Coast, where I have been active in song movements of the people, the matter has come forward with great vitality.

I organized, and for a year and a half conducted the Santa Barbara Community Chorus. These same Spanish songs (for which I wrote accompaniments) which I taught the people by rote, as they are unpublished, became one of our most enjoyed and important features of the chorus, and a source of unfailing delight to the thousands who attended our Sunday "sings" at the Plaza del Mar.

I was constantly besought by members of the chorus and those who heard the songs, who wanted to have them in published form, and I as constantly promised them they should have them.

There is nothing theoretical, you see, about the value of these songs; they have proved themselves in the test - the continued singing of the people - and have only grown greater in favor the more they have been sung. They are verily the true old wine of folksong, rich in beauty, humor, wit, pathos.

Mr. Lummis and I now wish to put out a book of these songs, and to that end have put into final perfected form fourteen of them selected from among the very best. Mr. Lummis has given them translations

that preserve remarkably their poetry, wit and quaint idioms. I have made the accompaniments. This should make a book of some thirty five pages.

I am writing to you because I am at present unattached in my publishing arrangements, and have heard from several sources lately of your progressive attitude. (And of course knew your place familiarly during my three years as Director of the Music School Settlement.) Before sending you the manuscripts I would like to know whether you would be interested, in a general way, in such a proposition.

I can assure you beyond a shadow of a doubt that this book will become a staple in the great American Southwest, and I have not the slightest doubt, myself, that it will become a national staple.

If you are interested in considering the matter further, I would like to have your idea as to whether this book should be published at the usual price of a book of songs, or in the cheapest possible form so as to be available to community choruses. I think perhaps it would be wisest, everything considered, and most profitable, to publish it first in the usual way as a book of songs, keeping the price as moderate as possible considering that it would be a copyrighted work, and let the other idea of a very cheap edition wait upon a further demand which will depend upon the growth of the community chorus movement.

I think it very desirable that there should be an attractive sketchy cover designed by some artist hereabouts who is familiar with the true facts about this Spanish material; I think that among Mr. Lummis's artist friends will be one who will provide such a design.

Will you please let me know if you are interested in the publication of this book. The manuscript has not yet been shown to any publisher.

Sincerely yours,

Eugene Arthur Farwell